

But the brothers themselves never talk of these things. They are silent folks—the Merritts.

They are dark-featured, rough-hewn men, with a certain grace of awkwardness—types of the vanishing race that made the great west, the pioneers.

When the civil war broke out, Alfred and Leonidas Merritt—these two brothers whom Rocke-

Other prospectors believed there was a huge fortune in the Mesaba hills, and set out full of hope, and came back discouraged, and said that no man could brave the sufferings of the Mesaba wilderness.

When the Merritts came back from the trail, they did not say that no man could face the suffering. They prepared to go out



Alfred (on left) and Leonidas Merritt, Discoverers of the Great Mesaba Iron Range, gobbled up latter by John D. Rockefeller.

feller and Gates have dared to call liars—packed a small supply of food on the mules, and set out through the wilderness to join the army of the North, and give their lives, if need be, for their country.

And when the war was over, they returned to Duluth, and began once more the search for the vision their father had seen.

once more in search of the vision.

In 1889, they tell me here, the seven Merritt brothers began a systematic exploration of the Mesaba range country.

And their first great discovery came about through accident.

There had been a great storm. A blizzard had swept the cold Mesaba hills, and almost, two of the brothers paid the penalty.

*Mrs. Marie ^{Swift} Colman Hartough
June 13, 1941*